Needs Maintenance

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by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Adam is super stressed from wedding planning, and Nigel is concerned.

When he notices an emotional breaking during sex, he runs with it, all intentions to just help Adam release some of his built up stress.

But he hadn't expected to find his fiancé's tears… arousing.

Kinktober Day 16: Dacryphillia

Notes

I've only written one spacedogs fic for this entire kinktober so far!! How sad!!

Have another one :))

The tiny apartment had never looked so messy before, wedding magazines and planners spread out over every surface that was normally clean from clutter. The coffee table, the kitchen table, even their nightstands are starting to pile up with books all about weddings.

The apartment wasn't the only thing that was starting to look affected by wedding planning.

Nigel's darling, Adam, is looking all kinds of stressed and overwhelmed with planning. And not only planning, but also with his new job at NASA. Nigel gets to hear about all the ups and downs with the work, and with Adam's new, accepting and kind coworkers.

But even with the positive environment, Nigel can see how his gorgeous fiancé is struggling to manage his stress.

It's only a matter of time before he snaps.

Nigel just hopes that he's there when he does, and he tries to minimize Adam's stress by keeping him very involved in all the planning.

Nigel knows that Adam doesn't do well with being left out of new changes in his life. And the process of getting married (and being married!) is definitely a big change for anyone, but it's especially a major change for someone like Adam.

So it's important that he's included.

But god, Nigel hates watching him scowl at the wedding books as they cuddle in bed each night.

"Why don't we call it a night, gorgeous?" Nigel proposes gently, petting through fluffy brown curls. His lover's face has turned down to its usual frustrated frown that Nigel often sees after about a half hour of looking through books.

"We can't stop now, Nigel! The wedding is only a month out and we still haven't picked out our tuxedos." Adam speaks firmly, leaving little room for debate.

"Adam, I already told you, any tuxedo we pick out will look fucking stunning on you." Nigel reassured, moving his hands to close the book rested on Adam's lap. "Why don't we leave it for tomorrow?"

"No! We have to pick these out now." Adam's voice is starting to shake as he enforces his point, his breathing picking up to a more unnatural, but not quite panicked rhythm.

Nigel cups Adam's hands into his own, feeling their slight tremble that comes along with the stress response in the body.

"You've been thinking about this far too much, star. Why don't I help you de-stress, hm?" Nigel asks as he kisses the top of Adam's curls. His thumbs are now tracing soothing circles over the younger man's fingers.

“I’m not stressed, Nigel.” Adam turned to look at his fiancé, eyebrows furrowed.

“Then you shouldn’t have an issue with putting down the books for tonight..” Nigel insisted, reaching to grab the thick magazine full of tuxedo styles to it on his own nightstand.

“Nigel..” Adam protested, turning from where he was sitting between his open legs, to on his knees, looking into his eyes. “I’m okay.”

Nigel lifted his hands up to run them along Adam’s flanks, the younger man yelped and giggled, as the gesture tickled his underarms.

Adam glanced over at the magazine, then back to Nigel. “Fine, but only if you help me look through them tomorrow over breakfast.”

“Deal.”

“Do you want to watch a documentary?” Adam asked, fidgeting with his pajama pants.

“We can do whatever you want, gorgeous.”

“Except wedding planning?”

“Except wedding planning.” Nigel confirmed.

“Can we watch one of the short documentaries, then have sex?” Adam asked, still picking at his pajama pants, looking up at Nigel through his darling eyelashes innocently.

“Hell yeah, we can.” Nigel would much rather skip the documentary entirely and get right to banging, but he knows that the space footage and monotone, interesting commentary will help calm Adam down after being so tense.

Adam let a soft smile resonate on his lips as he moved to collect the remote. He settled in next to Nigel once again, cuddled up under his arm as he picked out a short, 30 minute documentary about Orion’s Belt.

As the intro plays, Nigel pretends to pay attention like he always does. He likes space, but really, only when he's hearing about it from his darling.

Adam’s enthusiasm makes Nigel enthused. He swears that he could become excited about watching paint dry if his star was there alongside him, leaning in each time a new patch lost its shine that indicated it was still wet.

The documentary was interesting, and Adam was practically hypnotized by the images passing by on screen. Nigel couldn’t help but squeeze him a little tighter at his side. He couldn’t believe he’d managed to catch such a wonderful, intelligent, beautiful, and caring star like Adam.

The short episode closed with a teaser for what they would be discussing in the next episode, and Adam was extremely excited for next week already.

Nigel smiled, happy to see that Adam was for once not only thinking about the wedding.

He started kissing the other man's neck as he rambled on about how cool the next episode was going to be, and how excited he was for Nigel to watch it. Nigel hummed his agreement, but was much more invested in the present moment, not next week.

Because the present moment involves sex with Adam. Nigel ran his hand over the younger man's chest, enjoying the soft texture of the pajama shirt he'd gifted Adam for his birthday.

"Oh, right! Sex, we're going to have sex." Adam reminded himself, too caught up in his excitement to realize Nigel's advances at first.

He stripped off his pajama shirt eagerly, anxious for Nigel's hands to be on his hot, pale skin. It is one of his favorite feelings. Nigel has worker's hands, and the rough calluses against his soft nipples… it's heaven.

Nigel lowers his head to kiss over Adam's chest, moving slowly to allow for maximum sensation to arise to the surface of Adam's skin.

Adam hums his approval, carding his fingers through Nigel's soft, straight hair.

Nigel hands traveled down to pull at Adam's waistband, encouraging Adam to let him silo them off. It only takes a few seconds for the younger man to catch Nigel's hint, and lift his hips. Nigel slides down the pajama pants, and Adam's boxers all at once.

Adam kicks them off his ankles, and waits for Nigel to strip before coming back to him on the bed. Nigel climbs on top of him to place a soft kiss to his lips.

"Top or bottom, gorgeous?"

Adam leans up to catch Nigel's lips again, he looks down between their bodies, and realizes that Nigel is much harder than he is at the moment. This aids his decision.

"You should penetrate me."

Nigel gives him a nod of acknowledgement and moves to grab the lube from the nightstand. When he returns to Adam, he admires for a moment the sight in front of him.

Adam's legs are spread wide, bent at the knees. He's holding himself up on his elbows, watching Nigel move about. He's got a look of pure lust hidden behind the beautiful blue in his eyes, and such a pretty flush to his already pink lips.

Nigel really got so fucking lucky with this one. And he's going to marry him. Shit.

"I can't wait to be married, star."

"You've already been married before, Nigel." Adam says, tilting his head to the side.

"Married to you, Adam." Nigel crawls between his legs, pressing their cocks against one another. "I can't wait to be your husband. Yours and yours alone."

Adam smiled at this, and brought his hand up to trace over the dancing lady tattooed on his fiancé's neck. "I want you to be mine."

"I already am, baby." Nigel assured, leaning into Adam's touch.

"I want to be married, too. I just wish that planning for it was easier." Adam expressed, pressing a small kiss to Nigel's cheekbone. "Why does it have to be so complicated? Too many steps in too little time."

"We've got a whole damn month to figure out our last details, gorgeous." Nigel reminded, lubing up his fingers and lowering them to prod at Adam's tight ring.

Nigel squeezes one finger past the muscle, and Adam's mouth drops open in a needy whine. He's suddenly forgotten all about what they'd been talking about when the second one slides in a few moments later.

This missionary position allows Adam to see all of Nigel in front of him, and he's both overwhelmed, and overjoyed by it. Too many emotions have been passing through his body, and he can feel himself cracking.

But not cracking in the usual, violent meltdown.

Cracking in a gentle wave that has his throat feeling dry, and his tear ducts swelling up.

Nigel inserts another finger, which forces another whine from Adam's choked throat.

He's going to cry.

And Nigel isn't oblivious to it.

It almost looks like he's… turned on? Turned on by Adam's emotional breaking. His emotional release.

"I'm here darling. No need to hold back." Nigel insisted as he pulled his fingers out. He wastes no time in slicking himself up with the cold lubricant, eager to be inside his emotional fiancé.

Adam's response is a choked sob, a single tear falling from his eye, and a soft nod. He lays back finally, understanding that Nigel wants to penetrate him now.

"So gorgeous.." Nigel cooed, grasping his dick to steady it. He pressed his tip in past the stretched rim, and another tear fell from Adam's eyes. "You tell me if you're in any pain, understood?"

"Y-yes." Adam's breath shuddered as he spoke, he couldn't stop wriggling his hips as Nigel slowly pushed in. Each inch brought with it more pleasurable sensations into his body.

Nigel stilled when his hilt was finally swallowed into Adam's tight body, his walls squeezing around the erect length. This gave Adam a moment to wrap his legs around Nigel's lower

back. Nigel took the time to brush back Adam's short curls and kiss his forehead as they waited for Adam to decide they were ready.

Adam's tears never stopped falling, even when the younger man's breath evened out, comforted by Nigel's heavy body pressing into him.

"Please, move.." Adam permitted, his voice soft, and his body actively trying to pull Nigel's cock in deeper, even when it was as deep as it could go in missionary position.

"Don't have to ask me twice." Nigel smirked, pulling out slowly, then shoving right back in with a sharp snap of his hips.

Adam's gasp came as no surprise to the force Nigel used. The only sex they usually have, is rough sex, so that wasn't surprising. What was surprising is that they're in missionary position while having rough, quick sex. They've never done it like this before.

Nigel didn't flip Adam over for one main reason… He really wants to watch his precious man cry from this emotional break, while impaled on his cock, fighting between his orgasm and the confusion of crying during sex.

Another few harsh snaps of Nigel's hips, and Adam's breathing started to pick up again, whether that was from his emotions or from his pleasure, Nigel can't tell as of yet.

Adam's tears fall with more choked sobs now, his sobs almost equal frequency with his pleasures whines and moans from being railed.

Nearly all of Nigel's body is moving with the effort of how fast and hard he's fucking into this boy. The stimulation to his cock is fucking fantastic, and he knows that it feels good for Adam too, because of how he writhes underneath him.

"I-I don't know w-why I'm crying!" Adam let out another broken sob, his chest heaving with the effort to hold them back. He moved his arms up to prevent his head from hitting the headboard of their bed. Nigel was fucking him so hard that his whole body was starting to slide up the mattress.

"Shit… let it out, precious." Nigel groaned as he watched the tears fall from Adam's eyes to roll down his red cheeks. Why was it so arousing to watch his fiancé cry like this?

Adam's forehead was even starting to turn red from his crying, some of the blood vessels dilating, allowing more blood to flow into his face.

Nigel grabs hold of the headboard as well now, using it as leverage to pound down into his lovely fiancé. Adam's noises turn nearly wanton as he nears his climax.

"I'm close, Nigel." A big sniffle, then a long groan followed those words. Nigel couldn't help but give a moan in return, his cock begging to shoot its release inside.

A few more aiding thrusts at his prostate, and Adam was spilling over his tummy and chest, crying out in pleasure. Nigel followed close behind, biting his lip to contain some of the screaming swears that threatened to come out.

They were already being much too loud for the neighbors, so it's best to try to not fuel the fire with screamed, moaning swears.

"Fuck." Nigel whispered as he pulled out of Adam's limp, exhausted body. "That was fucking amazing, star." He practically collapsed beside Adam, a wide, pleased smile plastered on his face as he gathered the younger man into his arms.

Adam brought his hands up to clear away the tears that had wetted his cheeks, "I'm sorry that I was crying the whole time. That normally doesn't happen."

"Don't fucking apologize, gorgeous. Sometimes it's good to just cry, it helps relieve stress, I think." Nigel assured, petting through messy, sweaty curls. "I thought it was really fucking sexy, actually."

"Is that why you came so much?" Adam asked innocently, looking up at Nigel as if he didn't know exactly what he was doing with the next line, "Should I cry more often during sex?"

Nigel audibly groaned, and squeezed Adam tighter in his arms, practically constricting the poor boy like a snake.

"I think I might be into it, yes." He teased, playing along with Adam's own teases, though they were genuine questions.

"I liked how rough you were this time, but maybe next time we should do it somewhere other than the bed." Adam explained, "My arms are tired from holding myself away from the headboard."

"I'm tired everywhere, darling." Nigel laughed, teasing his boy gently, "You're a lot of work."

"Am I?" Adam teased back, the cute smile on his face that implied that he was right up to speed with Nigel's playful banters. "I never knew."

"I love you, star." Nigel sighed, petting down Adam's back, their sweat mingling together between their bodies.

"I love you too, Nigel." Adam scooted away from Nigel's side, a look of uncomfort plastered on his face. "But we need to take a shower and change the sheets now."

"See, high maintenance." Nigel teased, forcing himself to climb out of bed before he got too comfortable.

"You're right." Adam is fully aware of just how much maintenance he requires to stay happy and healthy, "And you love it." He teases as he walks by Nigel, planting a soft kiss to his cheek. He disappears into the bathroom with a little sway in his naked hips.

Nigel's eyes widen, and suddenly he's very eager to join his darling fiancé in a hot, steamy shower.

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